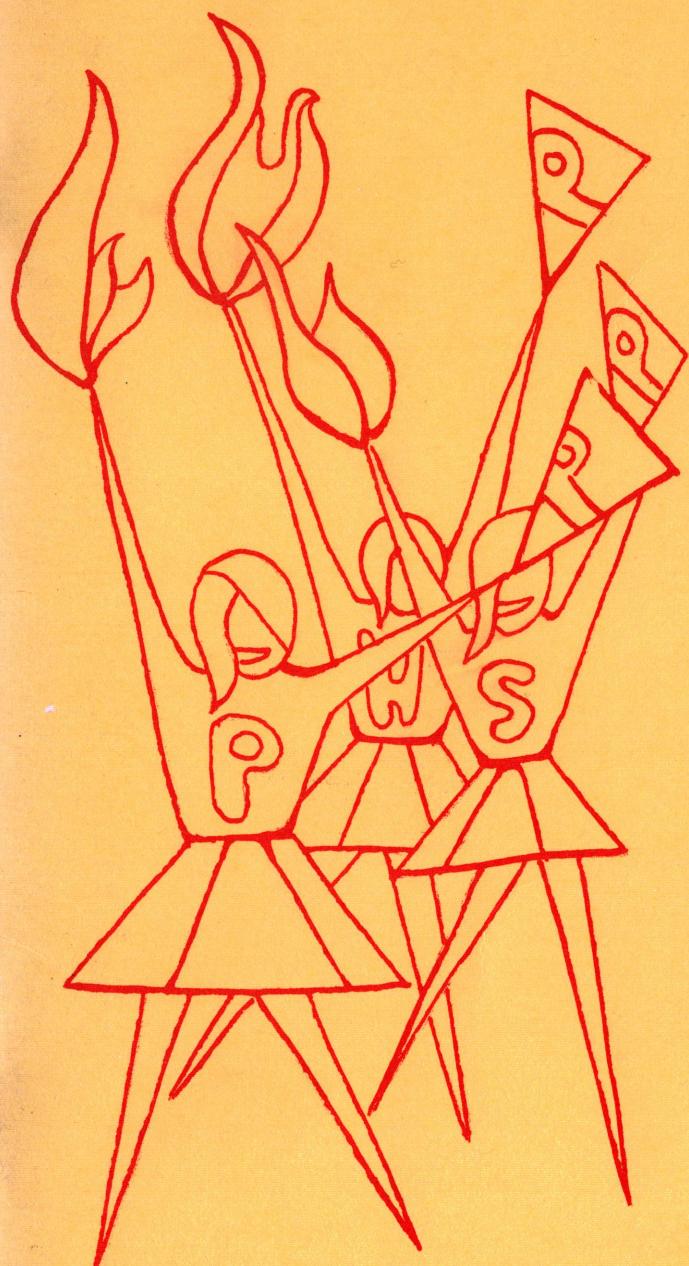


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THE STUDENT'S PEN

PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

Volume L

Number 1



OCTOBER 1965

Published Quarterly by the Students
Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

First Class Rating for 1965
Columbia Scholastic Press Association

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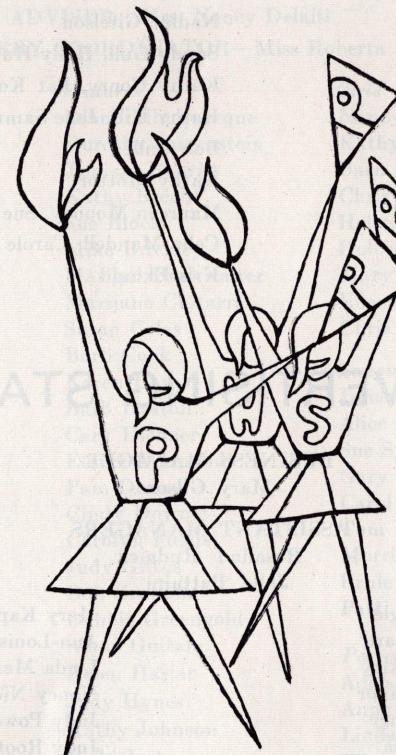
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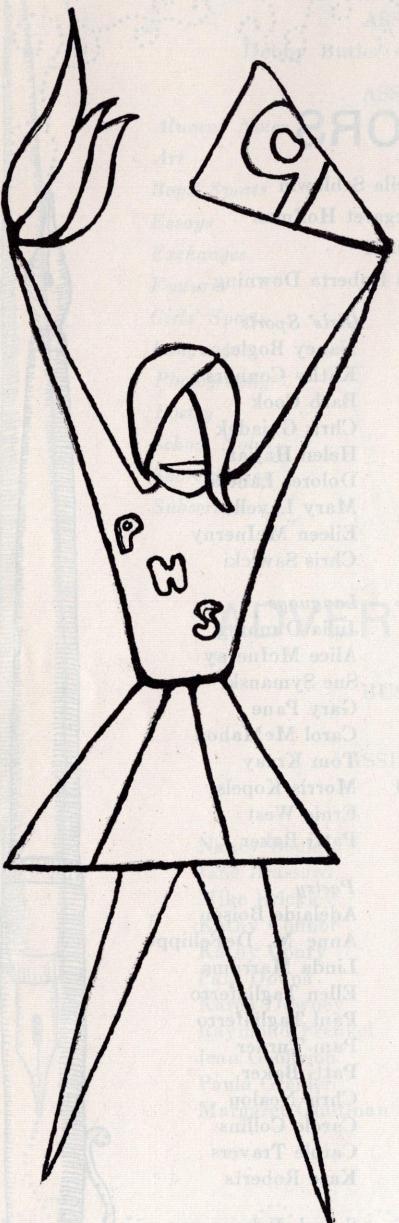
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CONTENTS

EDITORIALS	5, 6, 7
ESSAYS	9, 12, 15, 19, 29
SHORT STORIES	13, 17
WHO'S WHO	22, 23
POETRY	7, 9, 17, 30
FEATURES	12, 25, 44
ARTS COLUMN	27
BOYS' SPORTS	24, 31
GIRLS' SPORTS	20, 25, 28
LANGUAGES	42, 43, 44
EXCHANGES	37, 38, 39

WHERE DO YOU STAND?

By Gail Danckert, '66

THE busy halls echoed with hellos. Warm smiles constantly met your eyes and before long you smiled too. You smiled at strangers, talked with a glad note and realized that suddenly something had overcome your lost feeling. It was enthusiasm; the simple enthusiasm of living.

People seem to feel that the only way to show enthusiasm is through a channel called school spirit. You should cheer loudly, attend rallies, go to all the games and simply glow with a rah-rah spirit. It cannot be denied that this is important. This factor alone can bring us another touchdown, goal, or basket; but think a moment. Is this the only way to support your school and your fellow students?

Credit should also be given to those students who study long, hard hours and help give P.H.S. a better scholastic rating. What about the National Merit Semi-Finalists? Don't they show another true outlet of enthusiasm?

Your class officers also exemplify enthusiasm by merely running for an office and then working hard to make P.H.S. a better place for us.

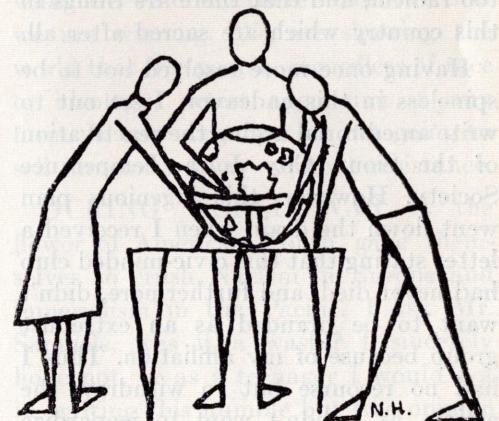
Enthusiasm shines through the students who contribute to the *In General* and *The Student's Pen*. Without them we would have no school publications and consequently no credit to P.H.S. in this field. Important too, are the students who subscribe to these publications and therefore help to support them and P.H.S.

Some Vocational students recently won an award for the cross they constructed to participate in a national contest. Their fine example of enthusiasm won P.H.S. a very high honor.

Each Christmas the lobby decorating committee works hard to make our lobby glow with the holiday spirit. Doesn't this sign of enthusiasm help to give P.H.S. a merrier and more complete Christmas feeling?

But wait, I have omitted the most important group of all. The student who simply comes each day, prepared for school and tries his best to learn and contributes in each class. It is enthusiasm in the purest form that brings this student to classes and helps our school to be what it is. Without these students P.H.S. is nothing!

Where do you stand? Don't just come to school because you must. We don't want you here. Come with the enthusiasm of learning, giving, and then find that you are receiving!



A NON-EDITORIAL

By J. Bernardo, '66

AS AN assistant editor of *The Pen*, I was asked to submit an editorial for this issue. When I started thinking of an appropriate topic, however, I unconsciously found myself conjuring up some trite and completely innocuous ideas. Having checked back issues of *The Pen* to see what others had done in the past, I was dismayed to find out that such provocative subjects as patriotism and honesty had already been published. Thoroughly confused by this time, I considered writing on that ever controversial question: "What my Mother means to me," and let the wrath of authority fall where it may.

Still uncertain as to whether I should pursue this bold course of action, I consulted such authorities on etiquette as Sonny Liston's differential calculus teacher, who advised me not to go beyond the bounds of propriety. After stealing one of her cigars and placing my two dollar bet, I thanked her for the tip and left. It was obvious that I was too radical, and that there are things in this country which are sacred after all.

Having once more resolved not to be spineless in this endeavor, I set out to write an editorial urging the reactivation of the Sioux City Iowa Temperance Society. However, this ingenious plan went down the drain when I received a letter stating that this civic-minded club had never died, and furthermore, didn't want to be branded as an extremist group because of my affiliation. Thus I had no recourse but to withdraw the article, as I didn't want to jeopardize the future of this humane organization.

Disappointed in my every effort, I came to the conclusion that my failures were brought about by an international

communist plot, instigated by Bob Dylan, Mario Savio, and Hugh Heffner. I immediately sent a petition to the House of Un-American Activities, requesting that these agitators be deported, and when I heard that the government was working on it, I felt tremendously relieved. Although J. Edgar has promised me around-the-clock protection, I have given up trying to write provocative editorials. From now on, I will stick to topics such as civil rights and Vietnam, because nobody bothers with harmless articles like that anyway. I'm sorry, Ma, but it just ain't worth the risk.

INJUSTICE?

By John Russo, '66

ISN'T an obvious injustice being done to three year high schools such as P.H.S. and to its athletes who for some reason must or want of their own choice to repeat their ninth grade, junior high year?

High schools which admit ninth graders as freshmen (such as St. Joseph's) realize the benefit of athletes for four seasons instead of just three. As a freshman a student gains a whole year of experience and maturity in sports. If he has definite talent he could be a varsity performer for four years. In the Pittsfield school system he is not eligible for varsity school activities. Both the student and the school suffer. A definite inequity exists and should be corrected. Call it discrimination if you wish.

There also is a headmasters' ruling that most certainly deserves another hard and fast look. Any athlete who finds it necessary to repeat ninth grade automatically forfeits his right to par-

ticipate in varsity sports as a high school senior.

There already exists a 19-year-old age limit in varsity sports. Why should a student be penalized if he is under the age limit and is a high school senior? For instance a boy may start school at 4½ years of age and when in the ninth grade of junior high may realize that it will be necessary to repeat this grade in order to better prepare himself for the high schools' academic program. Even though his marks may entitle him to promotion, he considers that by repeating this grade he would place himself age-wise with his proper class. This same boy may not have the financial means to enter college. Not being allowed to play varsity sports as a senior would in all probability eliminate his chances of receiving a college athletic scholarship. An athlete's potential in sports skills is usually reached in his final year.

Why can't each situation in which a ninth grader repeats be judged by the headmasters on the student's own merits or de-merits and on the reason for the student's repeating the year? A blanket edict is unfair.

These are two existing injustices in high school sports that should receive serious consideration and be changed!

TOWER OF HUMANITY

By Paul Tagliaferro, '66

The tower splits the sky,
Severs it at its heart,
And bleeds it of its rain.

Pointing upward,
Tall on the mountain top,
Reaching for the sun and moon,
Reaching for the sky.

Kings may fall;
Empires may crumble and die.
The tower points on forever
Toward the center of the sky.

IS IT A WASTE?

By Michael O'Brien, '67

IN AN editorial recently aired over radio station WPTR, Perry S. Samuels, vice president and general manager of that station, questioned our participation in the struggle of the free people of South Viet Nam to liberate themselves from the aggressive red horde from the north. Mr. Samuels asserted that President Johnson is "wasting" the flower of American youth in an effort that is not only futile but, from a diplomatic standpoint, unnecessary. The question is, therefore: WHY ARE WE THERE? AND WHAT ARE WE DOING THERE?

In answer to the first question, it is this obvious opinion that we are there so that in the future they are not here. The time to fight an infection is when it is localized, not after it has consumed the whole organism. WE MUST RETARD COMMUNISM in the place it breeds, and not in our back yards.

As far as the second question goes: what are we doing there? I believe that we are winning. We are showing the world that free people, regardless of race or ideology, detest aggression in any form. In any event, we are not going to sell humanity away without resistance.

DURING WORLD WAR II the flower of American Youth gave themselves to crush Nazism in Europe and imperialism in the Pacific. I ask Mr. Samuels, was it a waste? I sincerely hope not, or as a teenager I would not be writing this humble but free opinion of my views.

Our cause in Vietnam is just. God knows it, the free world knows it, and down deep inside we all know it . . .

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THE REAL SCOOP ON THE SPOOK

By Mike Brickley, '66

OUR STORY begins with the typical scene of Clyde Schwarnsnagle's General Store, Schwarnsnagleville, USA. In the entrance of his establishment we see Clyde, the richest businessman in this bustling town of 2,000, noted for being an equal-opportunity employer. Clyde was the person who employed our soon-to-be-named hero. This hero, a little known victim of circumstance, pushed the broom and did other chores for his keep by working in Schwarnsnagle's General Store. Born with the name of Jose Treat, he was very popular with the townfolk. The people of Schwarnsnagleville even gave him a nickname. You see, Jose looked like a famous movie star—Roy Roger's horse, Trigger.

One dark, windy October night Jose Treat was missed when he didn't show up for the evening bingo games. Frantically everyone started looking for him, because the bingo games couldn't begin until Trigger showed up with the bingo boards. A search party was formed, and went to different houses hoping that Trigger would be found. When the front door opened at each house the searchers would ask, "Trigger Treat?" Each person answering the door, knowing that Trigger wasn't there, and seeing that it was such a dark, cold, windy night, felt sorry for the searchers and invited them in for some food. After hours of searching and eating they still could not find Trigger. Soon, however, the children playing in the streets noticed that more and more adults were getting more and more food in their quest for Trigger, so they all decided that they'd dress up as adults and get in on the food and fun.

(You know how crazily adults dress). So, if some windy night at the end of October some kid comes to your house dressed as a tramp or a zebra and asks for Trigger Treat, you won't be fooled, will you? Just say, "I never heard of the guy!"

MODES OF THE MIDGARD

By Patti Baker, '67

Its life was so full of beauty.
 Its life was so complete.

It grew to be so prosperous,
 Through Nature's greatest feat.

In spring I sat beneath my tree
 To gaze at its beauty and think.
 While overhead the dainty blossoms
 Transformed from white to pink.

And late into summer I gazed again
 To see the marvelous feat.
 For high above me in my tree
 Hung tons of plums, tender and sweet.

Its small oval shape was faultless,
 The deep violet pigment so rich.
 The fruit glistened with the shiniest
 glow,
 As if it had been bewitched.

When autumn's color was at its peak,
 I sat and gazed again.
 But to my grief the plum was gone.
 I upped and left that glen.

Winter descended upon us,
 Blowing its chilliest tune.
 I had to see my tree again,
 I upped and left at noon.

Its beauty was a different kind—
 Tiny branches hung not bare.
 They lent themselves to icicles.
 All I could do was stare.

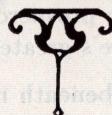
I had seen a life of beauty.
 I saw a life complete.
 I saw it grow to prosperity.
 I had seen Nature's greatest feat.

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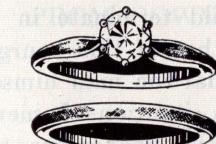
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On Supercalifragilisticexpialidociousness

By Gary Green, '67

ONE thing that makes compositions by sophomores as consistently interesting as they are is the Sophomore Vocabulary List. Now, vocabulary words may not be *interesting*, but at least they are *novel* to a person just entering high school. So, after a few weeks of vocabulary lessons, the typical sophomore begins "impressing" his English teacher by bombarding her with four dollar words in his compositions. As an example of my point, I would like to reprint here a recent composition by a sophomore friend of mine. The composition, needless to say, returned from the teacher's butchery with grievous red ink wounds.

"Last week as I was walking down North Street, I happened to perceive a profligate languishing on the sidewalk. He was obviously a former sea captain—as I scrutinized his capacious face, I could almost visualize him execrating commands on the ship's bridge during a storm: 'Gibe that gamut! Fasten the compunction! Cajole the acme!' But I could see that those blithe days are just retrospect for him now—he is a mere frustrated precursor with not a pecuniary tidbit to his name.

"I ruminated to myself that I would have to gyrate my life from its very inception in order to minimize the chances that it would terminate in the same manner as that of this bourgeois. Not that I feel that the man himself is culpable for his situation—I merely want to obviate the phenomena which beguiled and deluded him, and engendered his ruin. I expostulated, remonstrated, adjured, and admonished myself to take a lesson from this man; a maxim; an epigram; an aphorism; an apothegm.

"But how could I fabricate my life in

a laudable, exemplary manner, with rectitude and integrity? After I cogitated a while I discovered that the number of methods was multitudinous; myriad; even incalculable! I must pay more attention to my mentors' luminous diatribes; their erudite harangues; their palpable and sagacious hypotheses. I especially must not dissipate my study time writing incessantly inane compositions, because that always elicits anguish. I vehemently, fervidly, and fanatically recommend these virtues to the world, and I deprecate, deprecate, deplore, disparage, dissemble, and distrain all other courses of behavior."

So with this reminder against garrulity, loquacity, and fluency, let us be reticent! Let us be taciturn! Let us be silent! Let us begrudge! Let us be the foist to make the move—to capture the forte—to *unlearn vocabulary words!*

P.S.—Worship this week at the church or demagogue of your choice.

The In Crowd—The Seniors

Just a Little Bit Better—The Juniors

Laugh at Me—The Sophomores

Home of the Brave—Mr. McKenna's office

Catch Us If You Can—The skippers

You Got Your Troubles—Guidance

Treat Her Right—Miss Cummings

Shout—The cheerleaders

Heart Full of Soul—Miss Heaphy

March—Cadettes

Eve of Destruction—The night before departmentals

OCTOBER 1965

PASSING THROUGH

By Kathy Sharron, '67

JENNIFER jumped quickly to the curb as a black Aston Martin sports-car raced past the stop signal. It was followed by the motorcycle of a State Policeman, siren screeching.

The pedestrians began to holler all sorts of idiotic things:

"Hope they catch it, darn city folk, think they own everything," cried one local man behind Jennifer.

"Foreign cars, no less," shouted another; he was proud of the fact he had noticed like everyone else.

Jenny was tempted to protest in the defense of city people, but suddenly the speeding car screeched to a stop. It scraped against the curb, sending sparks flying in every direction.

The townspeople watched silently as the motorcycle pulled up beside the sports car. A graceful, slender woman, upon request of the patrolman, slipped out of the car. She was attired in a luxurious fur coat and sported a huge diamond dinner ring, which became the topic of discussion between a group of ladies standing behind Jenny.

The woman, obviously upset and embarrassed by the situation, turned to the people. She began to speak, much to the surprise of the natives.

"Did I upset your peaceful tranquil-

ity?" she inquired. "I'm quite sorry, but didn't you expect it of me? I'm city folk, if you will recall."

Jennifer understood the situation. It seemed that every time she came from Philadelphia to visit her relatives, here in the boondocks, she had a lingering desire to knock every one of these sarcastic hillbillies over like candlepins, only because it was supposed to be the habit of passing "city folk."

The policeman handed the woman her ticket, and before getting in her car she turned again to bid them farewell. Her expression was not one of anger, more like sympathy.

Her car stole away slowly behind the trees; almost crawling to the highway, where it would be allowed to run free again.

The roar of the powerful engine echoed through the mountain air; creating a sound, which seemed to Jennifer, a rather sardonic laughter.

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ON MODIFYING FOOTBALL

By Mary Blagdon, '68

Football is a noun that brings to mind several adjectives:

- a.) Football is collegiate.
- b.) Football is fascinating.
- c.) Football is dangerous.
- d.) Football is strenuous.
- e.) Football is challenging.
- f.) Football is useless.
- g.) Football is exciting.

Each of these adjectives is used by a different type of person. Most of these different groups wouldn't tell aloud their real feelings about football for fear of being laughed at, talked about, or embarrassed. But if you sit in the stands at a football game and watch the spectators instead of the players, you can see in the faces around you what adjectives people use to modify "football" in their own minds.

Football is Collegiate. This adjective is used mainly by the in-nest "IN-crowd"; the ones who gang together in a choice, little clique closed to inferiors. This group goes to football games only to bask in the admiration of everyone outside their clique and to reassert their position. They go because it is "IN" to attend football games, although it is "OUT" to watch. They don't understand football or care to. They don't cheer or scream for the home team—but sit in a little bunch, ignoring the field, and talking about "IN" things with other "IN" people.

Football is Fascinating. Those who identify football as "fascinating" are the bookish scholars who are attracted to football because of the intricate and involved plays the teams go through. These scholars are easy to spot in a crowd, even though few and scattered, because they sit chin in hand, staring at

the playing field with an enchanted look on their faces. So entranced with the game are they that they don't notice that the home team has made a touchdown and everyone is cheering. They sit without moving during all four quarters in inexpressible rapture, gazing at the players who move back and forth across the field.

Football is Dangerous. There are two groups who think that football is dangerous. The first group includes those who have to give a tangible reason for not trying out for the team. Football is dangerous for them because of the innumerable weak hearts resulting from recent heart attacks, and the countless bad legs caused by skiing accidents that crop up in early September. They know that everyone knows that the weak hearts resulted from cowardice and the bad legs are actually just numb, a result of their cold feet. However, football has a morbid attraction for them, and so they go to the games, but knowing that everyone sees through them, these people sit in the stands with hunched backs, stealing furtive looks at their neighbors.

The second group to whom football is dangerous includes the protective mothers of the players, who flock to the games in order to be near their sons and to encourage them mildly. They want to be close by if their poor dears are hurt by the hulking bullies on the other team. Many of these harassed mothers sit in the stands wringing handkerchiefs (or their hands), and chewing their lower lips, with worried frowns creasing their foreheads. Others just shake their heads in despair and refuse to look at the field.

Football is Strenuous. About the only people who think that football is strenuous are the football players. To them it is more than a game; it is a battle. Only to the players and the one-time players is the real essence of football known: it

isn't "not whether you win or lose but how you play the game," it's "fight to win, don't lose, you've gotta win this game."

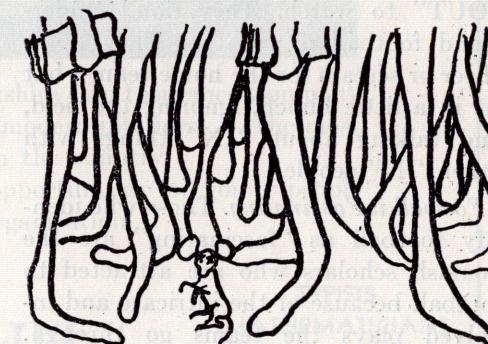
Football is Challenging. Those who feel that football is challenging are usually adults, and always male. There is the school principal, who, before the game, goes to the locker room to order the boys to win the game and do the school proud. There are the coaches who bark at the boys in the locker room before the game to "Go out there and fight! Show 'em who's boss! If they get rough, shove it down their throats!" There are the fathers who go to the locker room before the game to clap their sons on the back, remind them that football is body-building and begin to tell them about the "good ol' days when helmets were leather and men were iron."

Football is Useless. Those who believe that football is useless are a sad, sad group. They are all misfits athletically, and, as a result, are misfits mentally. Among the members of this group is the one-time football enthusiast who tried out in his sophomore year for the football team. Competing against the ever-present, ever-elected juniors and seniors, he was turned down. To explain to his friends without causing himself embarrassment, he began to believe and to say that football was a waste of time and that he wanted nothing to do with it. A smaller section of this group is less sad than the others because the effect of their failure is only transitory. They are the football players who fumble, stumble, or otherwise make a mistake. In the shame of having made an error in front of 3000 people, they say to themselves that football is pointless sport, with 22 big monsters kicking around one little ball.

Football is Exciting. Most people who attend football games belong to this

group. They stomp and scream the home team to victory, throw confetti on everyone's hair and mohair, and go wild when a favorite player makes a touchdown against impossible odds. Some outstanding members of this group are the younger brothers of the players who have eyes for no one but their own private heroes, and whose excessively large lungs contribute greatly to the general bedlam. The cheerleaders are an indispensable part of this group. No matter who is winning, they'll shriek and yell for their own team as if victory were unavoidable. Bouncing like balls and screaming like sirens, they tip off the noise of the whole crowd. By far the largest part of this group is the students of the opposing school. No matter how despised the school is by its students, whenever Football Saturday rolls around school spirit rushes in like a flood and everyone runs to the field to cheer for his school.

Lexicographers tell us there are over 5000 adjectives. If so, then doubtless there are 5000 groups of people who describe their feelings about football with those adjectives. Whatever your feelings about it are, respect others. After all, everyone knows that it takes all kinds to make an audience.



Who stepped on my cheese?/ SA

WITH STRENGTH

By Carole Collins, '66

With strength, I'll learn to forget the way he'd wrinkle his nose or wink his eye when he saw me.

With strength, I'll learn to forget his crooked laugh and the twinkle in his eye when he'd mess my hair.

With strength, I'll learn to forget the way he'd knock me into a snowbank in the winter and love to take walks on warm summer nights.

With strength, I'll forget how our housedoor would unexpectedly fly open and there he'd be wanting to know where the food was.

With strength, I'll learn to forget the way my heart would melt when his eyes met mine.

With strength, I'll learn to forget the way his hand would tenderly squeeze mine whenever our song would play.

With strength, I'll learn to forget the way he'd playfully knock me around and call me his little runt.

With strength, I'll learn to forget how once in a blue moon he'd awkwardly give me a compliment which I would treasure forever.

With strength, I'll learn to forget how I felt when we were alone and quiet and he'd look down at me as if to say, "Thanks for just being here, kid."

With strength, I'll cast away all memories of him and live, for without strength I'll remember he was my life and without him my world would be empty and I would be dead.

DEPRESSION

By Celia Mandell, '66

I'VE been defeated! Life has no meaning; it is dour and melancholy.

It seems as though I awoke from the wrong side of life, just as one awakes from the wrong side of the bed. My life resembles the dark, dreary weather of early winter. Problems are my only company (if one considers problems compatible).

I walk the ceaseless streets yearning to find someone who may be able to help me. Of all the people rushing by me, not one stops to answer my pleas. My problems remain locked inside of me. As I look up at the bleak sky, I see the sun trying unsuccessfully to brighten the world.

This tiny yellow ball in the sky reminds me of lemon pudding, and I realize I am hungry. It is a real hunger, not the hunger of an appetite that knows it will soon be appeased. I have never experienced such hunger before. Then on a roadside bench I see a child with a huge box of cookies on its lap, cramming fistfuls of cookies into its mouth. I have a horrible temptation to grab the box and run. But I lack courage.

Dusk is drawing near, and finally the blackness of night surrounds me. I lie down to sleep on a pile of leaves only to dream of the frightful events tomorrow will bring.

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ON THE PERILS OF THE MODERN HOUSEHOLD

By Nancy Dudley, '66

IN ANOTHER century, it was relatively safe for a man to enter his own home at the end of the day, settle down before a warm fire, and perhaps smoke a pipe before dinner. Those were the days of peace and serenity, when the kitchen contained a simple tin sink, a hand pump, a scrub board and bucket, and good old-fashioned lye soap to get everything from floors to Father's shirt collars clean. There were no gimmicks attached. Those were the days when people took sulphur and molasses for what ailed them and used plain water to slick down their hair.

But nowadays, things are different. Nowadays, you no longer work with a docile tin sink, but with a shiny white porcelain one whose drain pipes in music from someplace called Germville, USA. And you have to be careful what you put in the sink. There's one detergent which starts a storm right in the sink! It gushes around and makes real hurricane noises. There's another detergent that's really a dove in disguise, and it flies in and out of the kitchen window. This could be a problem if the dove ever turned into a bottle while it was flying.

One detergent for clothes makes a giant in the washer and another makes the washing machine shoot up ten feet tall. Still another detergent turns into a knight in white armor on a white horse who charges around trying to stick people with his jousting lance.

How frustrating it must be for a husband to come home at night and find that, after his wife took a couple of tablets for a headache, she felt like a new man; and how frustrating for the wife



to find her husband disappearing every-time he uses a certain haircream!

One brand of margarine, when eaten, produces a crown on the head of the consumer, and a detergent turns a woman into a bride whenever she washes clothes. Little men walk around the house and hand out napkins. Big men with earrings walk around the house and turn into bottles whenever there is work to do; and one soap product makes clothes look as if they've never been washed. The list goes on and on of all the products which supposedly make managing a household easier for the modern housewife; but what a terrifying way to manage a household.

Imagine, if you can, Father coming in the kitchen door with a frown deeply etched in his forehead. He slams the door, causing a flock of doves to fly out of the pantry. After he hits them away, he yells, "Helen, can't you keep Billy's bike out of the driveway?" To which she replies, "Mother, please, I'd rather do it myself!" She swings around angrily, knocking her bottle of dish washing

liquid into the sink. Suddenly, a hurricane-type storm begins blowing and splashing in the sink. In her surprise at this sudden storm in the sink, she accidentally knocks over another bottle of ammonia cleaner which immediately lets loose a white tornado. The white tornado whirls over to the washing machine, activating the giant in the washer; and the giant's hand reaches out and grabs poor 'Billy, who is pulled inside the washer just before it rises ten feet to the ceiling. Meanwhile, poor starving Father, who has somehow managed to eat a few margarine crackers and is now wearing a crown, is suddenly whisked away on the point of the white knight's lance; and above the horrible din, you can hear him exclaim, "A king should have it so good!"

Perhaps I'm old-fashioned, or, more likely, I'm just a coward, but from my point of view, the king can have it.

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"MISS MAC"

This teacher needs no introduction for she is known by all girls to have given guidance and confidence to whoever is in need. Being involved in sports all her life, "Miss Mac" has provided a sense of warmth and a welcoming air to the girls' musty old gym. Her classes are not like other classes where students are tense and confined to studying. Instead, she makes it possible for all girls to, as the old cliche states "let their hair down" and therefore gets to know them better. Finding teaching more than a job, she always manages to put a little extra effort in (a lot of extra in this case) and is known city-wide for organizing the famed Cadettes and spending an unimaginable amount of time and effort with them. "Miss Mac" has also given G.A.A. a boost in Pittsfield High, presenting girls with an association of great activities and teaching a sense of sportsmanship along with skills which all girls have benefited. A graduate of Sargent College and possessor of a Master's Degree from Columbia, "Miss Mac" will go down in the history of P.H.S. as being an unselfish and outstanding advisor.



MISS MORGAN

Miss Morgan is familiar to most of us. A graduate of Ithaca College, she is the assistant gym instructor. Last year Miss Morgan was made an honorary member of G.A.A. She also supervises all after school sports including field hockey, volleyball, basketball, badminton, and softball. The girls of P.H.S. appreciate the fine work and the long hours that Miss Morgan has contributed.



**MARK DUNN**

This year's president of the JETS (Junior Engineering Technical Society) is Mark Dunn. A senior in the technical course, Mark presides over the JETS' weekly meetings at the Western Mass. Electric Auditorium. Mark hopes to major in math at Northeastern next fall.

KRIS EKLUND

Kris Eklund is this year's editor of the *Dome*. A senior in both math and English honors, Kris has been active in GAA, Debating Club, the Pep Club, *The Student's Pen*, and girls' sports. She hopes to major in Bio-Chemistry in college.

**LINDA PROCOPIO**

Linda Procopio, G.A.A. president, has the sparkling quality of inspiring good sportsmanship while she plays any game. Through her participation in the activities of G.A.A. during the past two years, Linda was chosen to lead the organization for the 1965-66 school year. When asked what G.A.A. meant to her, she said, "G.A.A. is a uniting of all types of girls for fun, friendship and good sportsmanship."

**DAVE GLODT**

Dave Glodt, a C.P. student here at P.H.S., has his main interest in the area of communications media. He works for the WBRK radio station and the *Eagle*. In his junior year, Dave was a capable stage manager for both the Christmas Pageant, and the class play. He kept things running smoothly back stage at both events. In the future, Dave hopes to major in the field of radio and television at Emerson College in Boston. In five years or so, you may turn on your television set and hear a familiar voice say, "Dave Glodt, NBC News."

**DAVE PHILLIPPE**

Dave Phillippe is a credit to the Vocational Department and to P.H.S. By winning last year's Wilkie Brothers Foundation's National Contest for his device known as Indexing Head Work Driver, he was well rewarded for his eighty-two hours of planning and development. *The Student's Pen* salutes Dave for a job well done.

**KATHY CONRY**

One of the most popular members of the senior class is Kathy Conry, the captain of the cheerleading squad. A girl with both tremendous energy and enthusiasm, Kathy boosts student interest in our games. Although cheering is a time-consuming activity, she somehow manages to carry English and science honors and to be an honor roll student. She hopes to major in marine biology at college next fall.





CONNIE CARITEY

During last year's football season, three sophomores were in the starting lineup here at P.H.S. They were Tony Gibson, Jimmy Whitfield, and Connie Caritey. Gibson and Whitfield became stars right off the bat by scoring one touchdown apiece in the first game.

However, the most promising of all, Connie Caritey, didn't make headlines until the Brockton game. In this contest he led all ground-gainers and scored the winning touchdown in the latter part of the fourth quarter. After this game, Connie's name was consistently found in the headlines for his outstanding performances along with Tommy Grieve, Dick Klemansky, Gibson and Whitfield.

During last year's St. Joe game which we lost, 16-0, Connie Caritey caught many of Grieve's bullet passes and scored two touchdowns, only to have them called back because of penalties.

Being the true and outstanding athlete that he was, Connie was more than a football hero. When winter came along,

he joined Coach Blowe's hockey forces. As a sophomore, Connie played defense on the first unit in every game. He was considered one of the three outstanding players of the team, because of his spirit, aggressiveness, and performance. The other 2 were his younger brother, Mike Caritey, and Paul Vacchino.

For his enthusiasm and ability, Connie was chosen co-captain of Pittsfield High's 1965-1966 hockey team.

Connie was also a member of Pittsfield's Babe Ruth All Star team in his ninth grade year. His coaches and opposing pitchers remember Connie for his ability to hit the long ball and come right back with a bunt single; hence taking advantage of his great speed. He never went out for baseball while here at P.H.S., only because spring football conflicted with the baseball season.

Last June Connie Caritey was fatally injured in an automobile accident; however, not even fate will erase the portrait of the great athlete and the popular boy.

WELCOME SOPHOMORES

You have no doubt by now noticed the spirit exhibited by all P.H.S. students. Everything they do is aided by their enormous vigor and drive. This is especially true in Girls' Sports. If you've ever had the idea that the older a girl gets, the more dignified and graceful she becomes—forget it. Just stop by the gym any day after school and you'll think you walked in on an advanced session of "Romper Room."

At the current time the chief sport is field hockey. The purpose of this game is to propel the ball so that it goes past the opponent's goal posts. However, before the season is over, you will be an expert on how to dodge swinging hockey sticks, flying balls, and onrushing bodies. Believe me, after playing a few invigorating games you'll be in top condition for the remainder of the year. When the weather turns colder, the gym is set up for volleyball. Although not as speedy as hockey, it requires certain agility and a good eye. Some of the leaps and bounds executed on the court would astound even a weathered ballet instructor. Later in the season comes basketball, a game exciting to participate in and where keen competition and teamwork really pay off. For the girl who likes individual sports there is apparatus work. Muscles may ache and a few frustrations could occur, but here, the motto is, "if at first you don't succeed . . ." In spring a young girl's fancy turns to softball. Any game played by our energetic young teams would put a major league squad to shame.

The scope of sports offered by our school is too wide to convey. Badminton, tennis, and swimming are only a few more activities any girl can join. In whatever recreation you choose however, be it individual, partners, or teams,

you'll find enthusiastic competition, lasting friendships, and a well-stabilized sense of sportsmanship.

SIGMA, THETA, and PHI

Hard work and a good time highlight the actions of P.H.S. students who have joined the Pittsfield YMCA Hi-Y clubs, Sigma, Theta, and Phi.

Sigma is an all girl club and is best known for its sale of "Beat Tags" for football games. The club uses the money raised from these tags and other projects to support its pledge to the YMCA World Service Fund. Members of Sigma have made plans to take children with cerebral palsy on field trips during the year. Sigma is under the direction of its president Sue Symanski. Other officers are Julie Dunning, vice president; Jo Ann Duff, secretary; and Nancy Quirk, treasurer.

The other all girl club is Theta with a main project of helping mentally retarded children. The club plans to hold parties and record hops for these youngsters. Theta officers are Donna Gavino, president; Kathy Hoag, vice president; Jane Hamling, secretary; and Pat Millard, treasurer.

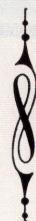
Phi is the only co-ed youth group at the "Y". Under the direction of president Barb Geoffrion, the club has already sponsored a dance to help support the football team and a hay ride. Other money raising projects planned for this year include the selling of "Beat Tags" for basketball and the raising of funds for World Service.

All three HI-Y clubs are open to any high school student and memberships are still being accepted. The clubs meet at the "Y" on Monday evenings at 7.

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OCTOBER 1965

27

THE Arts Column

Art is the work of the whole spirit of man.

Ruskin

ZORBA THE GREEK

By Alene Freadman '66

Zorba the Greek, based on the novel by Nikos Kazantzakis, exactly expresses the true Greek emotions—passion and lust, common sense and good living. The movie was a great success, due to the efforts of Michael Cacoyannis, producer-director. Another man who contributed a great deal to Zorba's success is Mikis Theodorakis, who wrote the music. Theodorakis, a native Cretan, understands those emotions which make men's hearts sing—love, contentment, satisfaction—and those emotions that create sadness in the spirit of man. He knows how to capture these natural emotions in music; he has truly created the most exciting music I have ever heard. Zorba's soul was alive; it sparkled with defiance and zeal; Theodorakis' music is accordingly brilliant. A rewarding experience equal to seeing the movie is listening to the original soundtrack recording of *Zorba the Greek*, for it affects one's soul.

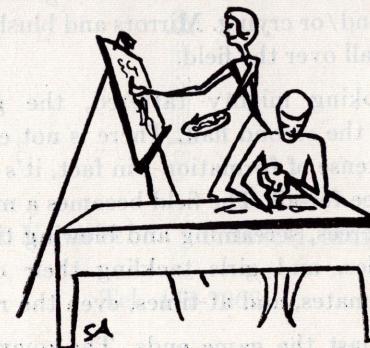
THE POWER OF POSITIVE THINKING

By Susan Aldam, '66

DO YOU ever find yourself in situations where you have fears, anxieties, feelings of inferiority or insecurity? It would be quite unusual to come across a person who did not. But some people try to overcome these emotions and others just overlook them. Some sensitive and insecure people of the world find life very hard to contend with and have to look to others to help solve their problems. If you find it difficult to acquire inner self-confidence on your own, you would find it helpful to consult someone of higher authority who has experience dealing with such problems.

One authority on self-assurance is Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, the author of "The Power of Positive Thinking." In his book, which has sold by the millions, Dr. Peale teaches the reader to find fearless confidence and faith in himself by expressing a powerful attitude towards life. The laws in this book are the results of many trial and error experiments on the part of Dr. Peale as he searched for an ideal way of life.

This book can be found in libraries and book stores everywhere. Observe the pages of this great and inspirational book and see for yourself how successfully Dr. Peale's attitude has expressed a non-failing formula for happiness.



THE POWDER-PUFF GAME

By Mary Lavalle, '66

Though the male portion may disagree on just exactly what the high-light of the football season is, to the girls of P.H.S. it's definitely the Powder-Puff Game, totally unsponsored by the school.

The excited giggles, whispers, and threats, fill the halls and lobby for two weeks before the game. Isometrics are practiced at the lunch tables. All the girls are in training, and it's not surprising to see them running, passing, or punting during the after-school hours. The boys take on the job of coaching them!

Then the big day arrives. What a sight to see the usually feminine, neat girls in dirty old sweatshirts and levis. The onlookers can't stop laughing. At two o'clock, with their nerves shattered, and mascara running, the girls begin the game.

The poor referees are to be pitied. Though they try their darndest, nobody bothers to listen to them. Tackles are made no matter who has the ball. These girls are out for blood. Nails, teeth, and elbows are the major equipment used in the plays, but oh, what fun!

The half finally rolls around, after the girls are black and blue, bleeding, laughing, and/or crying. Mirrors and blush-on flash all over the field.

Looking mighty tattered, the girls begin the second half. There is not even a pretense of formation—in fact, it's one big free-for-all. The field becomes a maze of referees, screaming and blowing their whistles, and girls tackling their own team-mates, and at times, even the refs!

At last the game ends. The quarter-

backs, ends, and the rest are near exhaustion. Now is when the females really show their stamina, now, after the scores have been tabulated. Of course a squabble ensues, and continues until both sides are too exhausted to argue. Nothing is settled however, and by this time no one really even cares. The teams are unified again by a common wish—a hot bath, then bed.

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THE BARE ESSENTIALS

VS.

MY PET ECONOMY

Originated by Stu Rispler, '64. Revised and expanded by Sandy Rispler, '66

FIGURING my weekly budget on the trivial sum of \$10, my allowance, I realized that I was in dire need of financial aid. (I never was too successful at Old Maid.) Not only was my income lacking, but I was, at twelve, a victim of the most dreaded disease which sweeps our country today, extravagance.

Walking dejectedly into my room, I sat down in my new cushioned recliner, took my \$9.95 pen in hand along with my linen-finished stationery and began to compute my financial assets. Even with my mental capacity, I soon realized that I was on the verge of bankruptcy! I rescrutinized my leather-lined bankbook to no avail—I hadn't received an E in arithmetic for nothing. Then, taking my bills from under my crystal paperweight, I saw that \$32.50 was due this week alone! Where would I get the money? Would I have to pawn my diamond-studded Davey Crockett wrist watch or my stereophonic-high fidelity Mary Poppins album? Can you imagine my plight without these bare essentials?

This was the cause of my becoming, at twelve, the youngest winner of the "Nicolai Prize for Paramount Excellence in the Literary Field of Comical Writing." Since my card playing proved fruitless, I gladly permitted the *New York Times* to reprint several of the selections from my prize winning booklet, "How to Succeed in Hopscotch without Really Trying." Receiving \$10,000 in royalties, I easily paid off my \$32.50 in debts, leaving plenty left over for candy.

As you can imagine, this sudden increase in my income brought on a severe

relapse of my disease. I began to invest in every "get rich quick" scheme that came along. For example: Can you imagine the typical American teenager (you know the type, skin-tight levis, engineer boots, long hair) doing the minuet? Well, I financed a class which taught just that.

My doctors have diagnosed my case of extravagance to be extremely rare and believe that I, at twelve, have been afflicted worse than most at forty. Due to my unusually fascinating illness I am being plagued by reporters, magazine editors, and T.V. personnel. Naturally, I've accepted all their offers. Now let's see, that T.V. appearance will bring in \$1,000, the feature story in *Mad* . . .

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FIRE AND ZEAL

By Anne Marie DeFilippo, '67

Twinkling eyes
That awaken to sunshine each morning,
Though clouds in the sky gather grey—
Cheeks that are rosy;
Paleness unknown;
A mouth, which when opened
Pours forth fire and zeal,
Though all around there is silence—
Alertness, awareness for the truth of
unknowns,
Though all that exists is pretense,
ignorance.

A greedy flame is flickering
Deep down inside,
Desiring much more to kindle its embers,
And quench its insatiable hunger.
Oh, enthusiasm for learning,
The blackest nights cannot hide, or
deny its existence.

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AROUND THE TRAINING ROOM

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The room itself is a small, compact storehouse of medical supplies. Its equipment, although not the newest or most modern, is completely sufficient. It includes, among other things, a refrigerator, whirlpool bath, training table, and a special electrode muscle relaxer.

Piloted by Coach Rudy Benedetti and his student trainer, Ronnie Goldstein, the athletes get expert treatment. Coach Benedetti has had eighteen years of training experience and is the head coach and trainer for three varsity sports. His student trainer is now in his second year of apprenticeship.

The training room has been in existence for a good many years. It has served the school in many useful ways. The athletes now have a better chance of recovering from injuries, and a much shorter recuperative time is required. Pittsfield High School has the only trainer in any Western Massachusetts school. We should be proud of this distinction.

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ALUMNI NOTES

Roger Kipp—University of Massachusetts

College so far is very demanding, but it is also a very full life. I'm doing something all the time. Things won't always be this way, but right now I'm up to my head in homework.

Pittsfield High is a good school and with the honors program, I feel that one can be on a par with any one in the state. P. H. S. has helped me by the encouragement of outside reading and the honors courses.

There is no comparison between high school and college as you P.H.S. seniors will soon find out.

All the P.H.S. boys down here are following and rooting for the Pittsfield High School Football Team. We hope they'll keep up the good work.

David Zink—University of Massachusetts, Electrical Engineering

If you're thinking the same things about college that I did when I was a senior, you're probably envisioning an enormous amount of studying and little social life. This is a misapprehension. Most imaginative teenagers in college plan their studies so they don't have more than four hours of study a night. This is partly due to the fact that most of the courses are two or three periods a week with each class of a subject at least every other day. Also, most of the homework assigned is for your own benefit. Generally, the homework doesn't have to be handed in, as in high school. I think this is how high school differs from college. Most of the work is left up to you.

Anthony Contenta

Anthony Contenta graduated last year from the Pittsfield High Vocational School after studying mill carpentry for three years. Shop is taught every other week, so his other courses included: two years of related math, history, English composition, English literature, and economics. Last year Tony took geometry and is now taking two night courses at Berkshire Community College; English Literature and geometry. Tony says that his high school geometry has given him a good start for tackling college math.

The high school helped Tony obtain his first job after graduation at D. M. Goodrich and Sons. Tony has been working as an apprentice carpenter and is continuing to learn more about his trade. Soon he will be working on the new Post Office.

What are his future plans? Tony hopes to continue his education and become an industrial arts teacher.

Rosalind Walsh—University of Massachusetts

After having spent three months at the University of Massachusetts Summer Session, I found that college life is quite different from that of high school. The biggest difference is adjusting to being on your own. In college there is no one to tell you when to do your work and you are the only one who suffers if you neglect even one assignment. The work is harder and there is more research involved than in the work in high school. But in all, I feel Pittsfield High gives a very adequate background to any student wishing to continue his education.



Jayne Knight—Berkshire Community College

It seems that most high school students are presented a false impression of college. It is not as difficult as I expected, but the amount of reading exceeds by far that of high school reading requirements. Professors don't ask the students to do the impossible. They are especially interested in the students and are willing to help them at any time. There is a great deal of free time that can be used as the student desires. I had to learn that it must first be spent on studying, and second on social activities.

Ray Millard

Ray Millard, who is now working at Pratt and Whitney in Hartford, Connecticut, graduated from vocational in P.H.S., where he was in machine shop for three years. Plus he had alternate weeks of shop and drafting, blueprint reading, mechanical drawing and related science and math.

At Pratt and Whitney he is working at a tool and dye makers' job. In his job he has used blueprint reading and related math extensively.

Ray says that his vocational course at P.H.S. benefited him greatly in that he was able to obtain the job without any training.

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EXCHANGES

Every year Pittsfield High School exchanges magazines with various schools, both public and private. In return for sending *The Pen* to these schools, P.H.S. receives their literary magazines. The Exchange staff reviews each magazine and chooses what we consider to be the most interesting articles for our own readers. Through this process of exchanging magazines, we have developed a better and more understanding relationship among these schools. The following excerpts are taken from the magazines of some of these schools.

Oracle—Manchester Central High School, Manchester, New Hampshire, by John Foley.

RAIN, OH SWEET RAIN

The hard rain spattered and pounded upon my window. I got up from the neatly made bed and stood, staring at those tears of water splashing wildly on the sill. I mused over the sight, taking in the surroundings. This was a simple room that I lived in. The pale green walls, with the one overhead light in the center of the ceiling, now turned a milky grey by the paints of time.

I have been at this school for three years now. They were good years; at least the first two. But I was silly to think that I could go on like this. Right from the beginning I noticed a difference. They were not as friendly, as ready to make themselves amiable to me, as they were to the rest of the boys on the floor. I think when I felt the cold, dark shroud of being just that little bit different descend over me, it was the worst trial I had ever undergone. I sud-

denly felt as though I were a million miles away, barred from the rest of the boys in the school by an intransient chasm. And now this. I was appointed to speak in the morning assembly, before every student in this school. Every eye would be glaring, every ear cocked to snatch the smallest error in my recitation and then to pelt me with jeers over it. True, it had never happened before, but now . . . now, I could sense that it was inevitable.

I had managed to be fairly quiet around campus, and not to leave myself open to the arrows of criticisms from the others. My first roommate had told me that all this was a thinking that I had created myself, but I know better. He even ventured to say I was crazy to believe that I wasn't welcome into this minor society. I now know, though.

You see, I am a Negro.

"C'mon, Ollie, you're speaking now."

That was Jud. He was about the best friend I had here, but that's not saying much, because friends here, for me, are few.

I went out into the illuminated hallway, and marched down the stairs to the assembly hall. It was only too soon when I was standing at the edge of the stage, ready to make my entry the same one that I had viewed so many a time. Oh, how it looked so large and endless from my position, physically and mentally. So I began my walk to the pulpit.

There was a round of applause as I entered. It startled me at first, but I realized that they were only being polite.

Then, as my heart pounded in my chest so loudly that I was afraid that they might hear it, I began my talk.

"Mr. Headmaster, teachers, and fellow students . . ." I thought my voice was going to crack, but it didn't. The speech was going smoothly, and I even put some heart into it. If I can't enjoy the aftermath, I guess the only part left to enjoy is the speech itself. Finally, my oration was finished. Its climax was greeted, as I expected, with silence. They really do hate me. I was almost sick with disgust at the whole situation. Then it happened. One lone sound reverberated from the back of the hall. It was Jud! He was clapping. Was he trying to add to my agony? Suddenly another boy started, and another, and soon the entire hall was bursting with applause. What was this? Had they actually liked the talk? Or maybe . . . maybe it was me all along! I had always thought that I wasn't the same. I hadn't given them even a chance. And now they came through. Jud, good old Jud!

Back in my room, I was alone again, listening to the rain. Now it was a soft rain, a rain that cradled my window in soft droplets. It was the same rain, yet it was so different. I guess things are the same, yet can be made different in how you see them. But looking a little beyond the trees outside this window, I hope that others, all the others, may know too. I really do.

From *Gemini*—Mt. Greylock Regional School—*Doug Jacobs*

As December is quickly approaching and many Juniors and Seniors will be taking college boards, we thought this story might appeal to you.

DAY OUT

358-407 slammed his locker door and swung into the flow of traffic in the hall. Most of the other students were 600+'s

who were hurrying to their special aptitude classes. Lucky kids, he thought to himself. What he would give to score as high as them! 358 was in that kind of mood. He had just got his final scores for his twelfth-year boards. They weren't anything to jump about.

Deep in thoughtful consideration for the worth of the world in general, 358 was suddenly startled by a slap on the back.

"Hi, you intelligent brute! Walk with ya to mechanics." It was that big clown 467. Or was it 476? Oh well, at least he would have company for the long walk to the shop.

"How did you do with that little blonde?" he asked, not really caring.

"Oh, she dumped me. Said she only dates 550's or better. Heck with her!"

"Darn right."

"Guys like us just don't have a chance with the nice ones. One look at our scores and good-bye Charlie."

358 leaned hard on the door of the mechanics lab. It opened slowly, as if wishing to keep them out. The instructor yelled to them to hustle it up. 358 felt like telling him a thing or two, but he was a 700+. You just don't fool around with those guys.

As they took their seats, the instructor swung into a long lecture on the good points of being on time. 358 noticed, as he talked, that he carefully repeated each point two or three times as if teaching a parrot to speak. Where the heck does he think he is, in the sub-300 group? thought 358.

Enough to make a guy feel inferior.

358-407 settled back to rest and maybe think a little. It was going to be a long day. Just like yesterday. Just like tomorrow. He thought about taking them again in March. What the heck. How could he lose?

Gemini -- Mt. Greylock Regional School by *R. D. Rouse*

FRUSTRATIONS

There perhaps is nothing like
The gleaming chrome of a first bike
Which you ride until you finally fall
And discover it isn't so shiny after all.

There perhaps is nothing like
Pitching the third and final strike
Until you see the catcher drop the ball
And the batter gets safely to first after all

There perhaps is nothing like
Speeding down the long turnpike
Until you crash into a stonewall
And discover you are not a god after all.

The YELLOW ASTER



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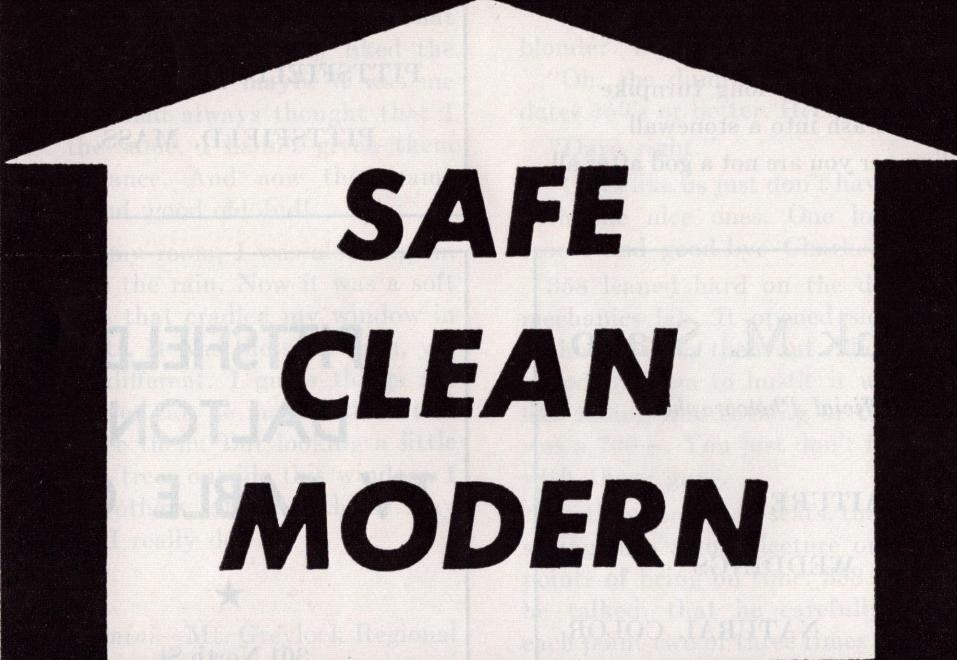


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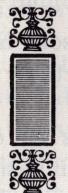
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ROMANA SCIENTIFICA LECTIO

by Tom Kraay '66

Romana scientia dicit postera esse prima nota aliquorum animalium quae difficilia agnitu sint:

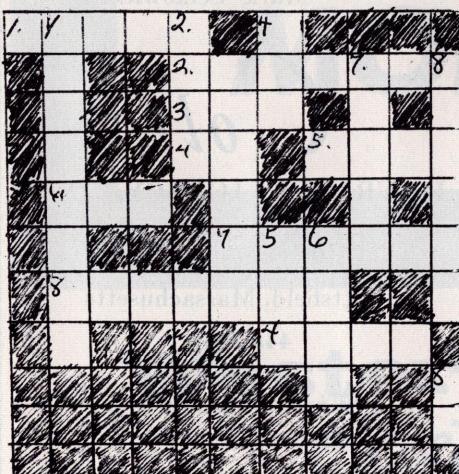
1. Serpentes, quae sub saxis vivunt, vitreis non eagent.
2. Aves, quae sub aquam volant, vulgo fulmine non feriuntur.
3. Canes, quae sciunt se esse statua, interdum rimosi sunt.
4. Hippopotomi, quae in antris vivunt, non perusti fiunt.
5. Pisces, qui in arboribus vivunt, semper siccii sunt.

Sciendo haec facta, scientiam melius facies, et meliorem vitam vives.

Match the Latin sentences with the English sentences.

- a. Dogs that think they are statues are sometimes cracked.
- b. Fish that live in trees are always thirsty.
- c. Snakes that live under rocks do not need sun glasses.
- d. Birds that fly under water are not usually struck by lightning.
- e. Hippopotamuses that live in caves don't get sunburned.

LATIN CROSSWORD PUZZLE



ANSWER ON LAST PAGE

MI PAIS NATAL

Cali, Colombia, una ciudad de 800,000 habitantes, tiene un clima calido. Se produce en abundancia la cana de azucar y el mejor cafe de todo el mundo. Esta es mi ciudad natal.

Yo hice los primeros estudios en un colegio particular se llama 'Los Angeles.' Las professors son hermanas franciscanas, muy estrictas y muy buenas profesoras.

Participabamos en deportes: basquetbol, tenis, y gymnasia, etc. Tambien presentabamos teatroles y desfiles en gala uniforme para conmemorar unos dias festivos del gobierno o de la iglesia catolica. Afortunadamente, yo tuvo el honor de participar en los actividades de mi escuela.

Los habitantes de Colombia, somos de espiritu alegre. El potencial industrial y economico es muy importante a los Colombianos y ellos trabajan muy industriosamente por su progreso.

Alli fue donde pase mi infancia muy feliz.

Atte,

Myrian Martinez

ACROSS

1. I am laughing
2. we are tearing
3. nom. pl. of unus
4. if, whether
5. from that place
6. I rush
7. 3rd sing. pres. act ind. of aduro
8. farthest
9. gen. sing. of wall

DOWN

1. nom. sing. of uncertain
2. nom. sing. of olus
3. acc. sing. of breath
4. alone, only nom. pl. masc.
5. while
6. employment, skill
7. smaller
8. I look at
9. out of

DER 7A TAG

by Ernest West '66

Viele Kinder hassen den 7A Tag; manchmal hasse ich den auch, aber heute nicht. Heute ist Dienstag, und am Montag sollte ich meine Hausarbeit machen. Ich machte sie aber nicht. Ich ging mit meiner Freundin ins Kino. Wir hatten grossen Spass. Jetzt muss ich meine Hausarbeit machen.

Fur Hausarbeit habe ich Deutsch, Biologie, und Mathematik. Heute habe ich eine Matheprufung. Mathematik ist nicht mein Lieblingsfach. Ich will gute Note haben, aber ich kann Mathematik nicht lernen.

Jetzt beginnt der 7A Tag, und jetzt beginne ich meine Hausarbeit. Es ist sehr schwer, und ich kann es nicht lernen. Ich denke an etwas zu essen, dann an meine Freundin, und an den Film. Wenn ich damit fertig bin, sind funf und vierzig Minuten vorbei. Es klingelt, und ich habe meine Hausarbeit nicht fertig. Die Matheprufung steht vor mir; ich weiss nichts. Ach du meine Gute! Ich hasse den 7A Tag.

LA SAISON DE LA VOILE

by Alice McInerney '66

La saison de la voile dure trois saisons de l'annee. Au printemps le vent est doux, l'eau du lac est claire, et tout est tranquille. Les membres de notre club s'occupent a preparer leurs bateaux a voile pour la saison officielle. Cette saison commence le 30 mai chaque annee.

En ete quelquefois il fait trop chaud pour faire la course. Donc nous nous amusons a faire des promenades a voile jusqu'a l'ile du lac et a faire de la nage.

L'automne, c'est la plus belle saison pour faire la voile. L'Air est frais et il ya assez de vent. Ici, dans les Berkshires cette saison est aussi d'une beaute exceptionnelle car les arbres se mettent de nouvelles robes.



ETIKETTE ALM

by Morris Kopels '67

Ein herrlicher Lehrer hatte uns Eti-kette aus Deutschland und dem ganzen Welt gelernt:

Herrlicher Lehrer: Was sagst du, wenn du ein schones Madchen triffst?

Bob Klug: Was machst du heute nach der Schule? Oder gehen wir zum Kino?

Herrlicher Lehrer: Dummer, man sagt erst "Wie geht's," dann sagt er alles was er will. Patrick, was sagst du wenn man niest?

Patrick Gans: Das macht nichts, ich habe Papier.

Herrlicher Lehrer: Ameisekopf,* du sollst "Gesundheit" sagen, oder ich niese auf dich! Endlich werde ich Jane fragen. Kusst man dich oder gibt man die Hände?

Jane Blonde: Man kusst mich immer auf den Lippen.

Herrlicher Lehrer: Ach, Blonde hat mehr Spass. Der Lehrer war naturlich geduldig, obgleich halfen uns "sehr" die ALM Platten.

*Ameisekopf—antthead



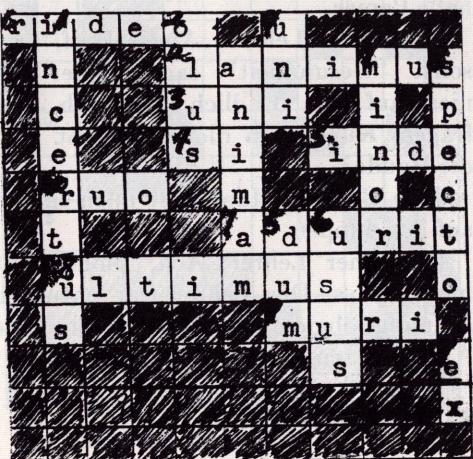
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Yield: 1 victory



THE STUDENT'S PEN

ONE BOY'S DILEMMA

By Sandy Rispler, '66

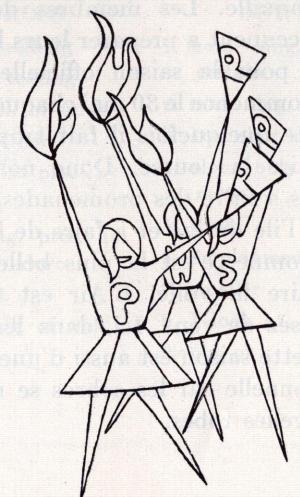
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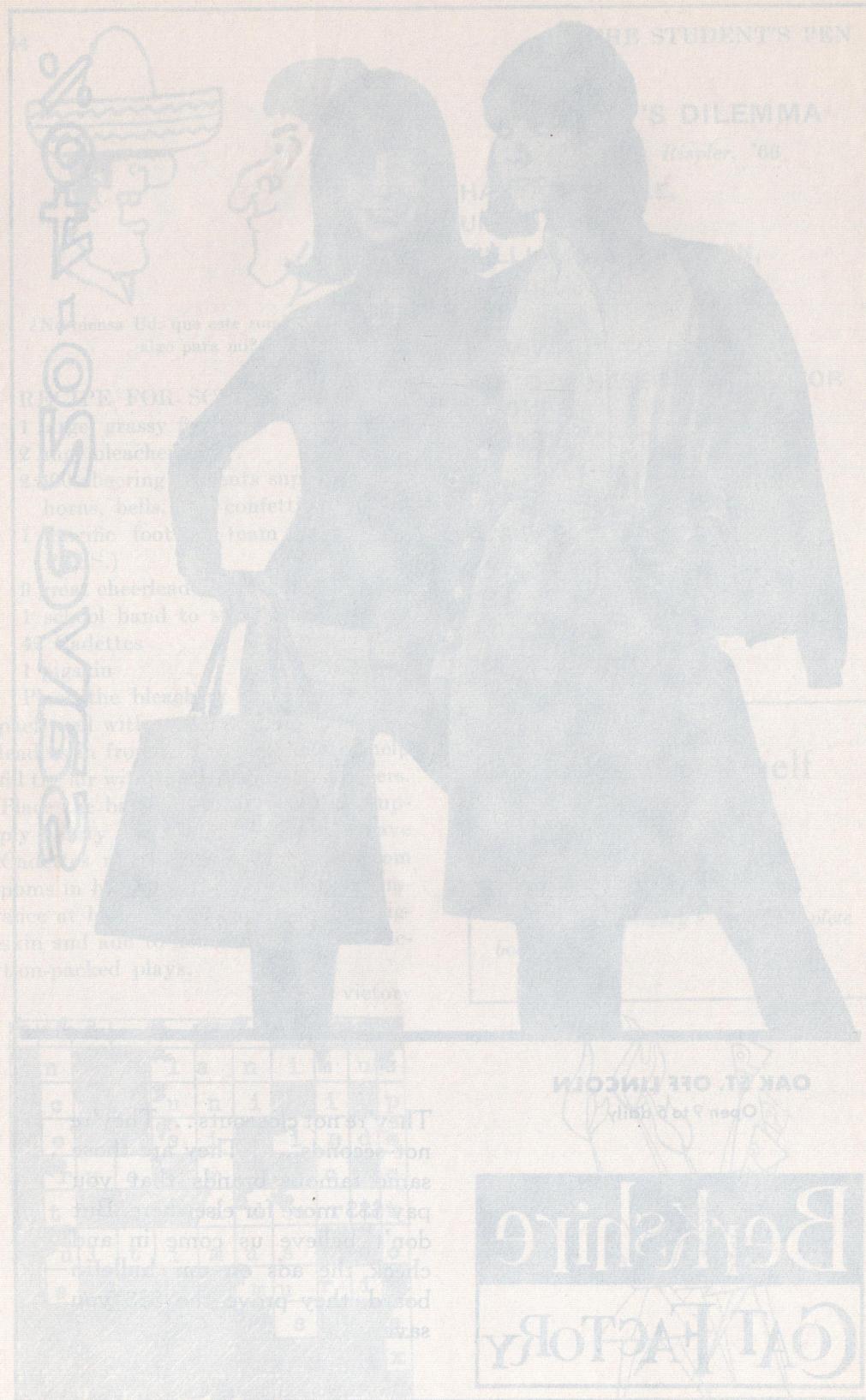
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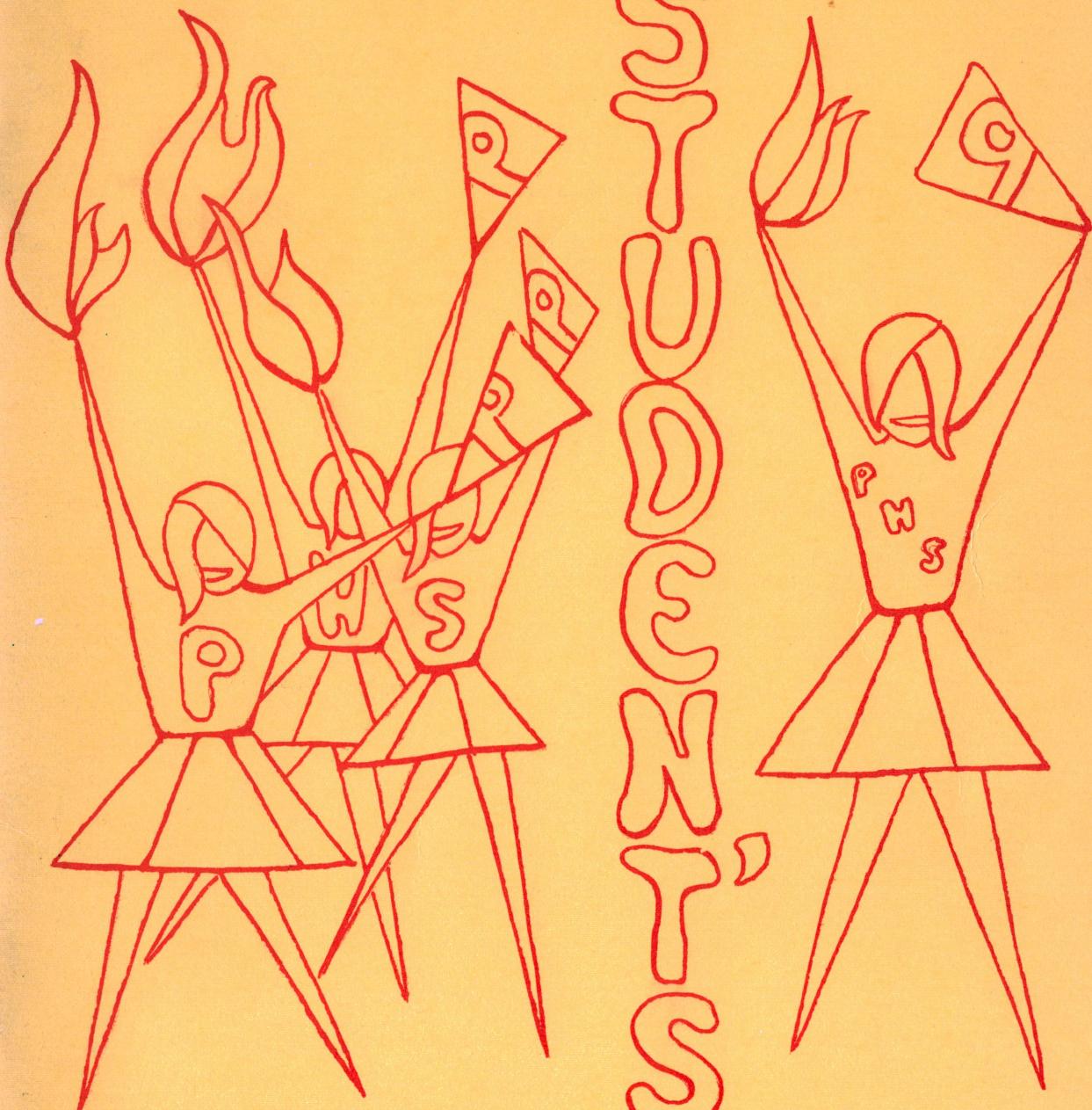
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